

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE SOUL'S PARTING.

She sat within Life's banquet hall at noon,
When word was brought unto her secretly,
"The Master cometh onward quickly: soon
Across the threshold he will call for thee."
Then she rose up to meet him at the door,
But turning, courteous, made a farewell brief
To those that sat around. From Care and Grief
She parted first: "Companions sworn and true
Have ye been ever to me; but for friends
I knew ye not till later, and did miss
Much solace through that error. Let this kiss—
Late known and prized—be taken for amends.
Thou, too, kind, constant Patience, with thy slow,
Sweet counsels aiding me. I did not know
That ye were angels until ye displayed
Your wings for flight. Now bless me!" But
they said,
"We blessed thee long ago."

Then, turning unto twain
That stood together, tenderly and oft
She kissed them on the forehead, whispering soft,
"Now must we part; yet leave me not before
Ye see me enter safe within the door.
Kind bosom-comforters, that by my side
The darkest hour found ever closest bide,
A dark hour waits me, ere for evermore
Night, with its weariness, be overpast.
Stay with me till I cross the threshold o'er."
So Faith and Hope stayed by her till the last.

But giving both her hands
To one that stood the nearest, "Thou and I
May cross together; for the holy bands
God knits on earth are never loosed on high.

Long have I walked with thee; thy name arose
E'en in my sleep, and sweeter than the close
Of music was thy voice; for thou wert sent
To lead me homeward from my banishment
By devious ways, and never hath my heart
Swerved from thee, though our hands were
wring apart

By spirits sworn to sever us; above
Soon shall I look upon thee as thou art."
So she crossed o'er—with Love.

—*Dora Greenwell.*

THE KING'S COUNTRY.

"Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty: they
shall behold the land that is very far off."—*Isa.*
xxxiii. 17.

I have read to you the words of a great
and cheering promise. No matter what
may have been their first and most literal
meaning, let the abundance of the gospel
fill them full; let Christian lips taught by
Christian hearts repeat them; let the King
in his beauty be their master who was once
with his disciples visibly on earth, and is
now gone beyond the skies; let the land
which is very far off be the city of our God,
the heavenly Jerusalem. So shall the New
Testament be the fulfilment, and not the
destruction, of the Old Testament, as Christ
said it ought to be. So shall the bud of
great promise open into a fair and consum-
mate flower. So shall the Spirit breathe
upon the Word, and bring its truths to light.
We hope for that we see not. This hope I
would instruct and quicken. Not by any
argument; I assume that you believe in
Christ and in his gospel. At all events, none
of the few words which I have now to offer
can be chosen with any purpose of creating
belief. There are many doubters, I know,
in our day, yet also many who do not doubt;
and it is well very often to take faith for
granted, and try to make it more real and
more operative. Moreover, one of the best
ways of winning a hearty assent for Chris-
tianity is simply to show men what it is,—
not to argue for it, but to describe it. Let

me rehearse our Christian creed concerning the future life and the far-off land as it is uttered, though only in a figure, by our text: "Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty: they shall behold the land that is very far off." We are on our way to a world which is at once exceedingly real and exceedingly beautiful, real as flesh and blood are not, and beautiful with his beauty who was the fairest among the sons of men.

It is indeed of no avail to speculate and imagine what specially the modes of our celestial being shall be. Nevertheless, we must not allow ourselves in any narrowness, or fail to believe that great things await us beyond the veil. Only yesterday we were not at all. To-day what wonders of being encompass us, what miracles of divine art, what splendors over our heads, what beauty beneath our feet! Will it be any more strange that we should be there under the new heavens and on the new earth than that we are here, any more strange that we are living again than that we have once passed out of nothing or unconsciousness? We shall see and hear, and taste and feel; we shall lay aside only what is earthy and bestial. What the microscope and the telescope are to our terrestrial seeing, that, and infinitely more, shall the new eye be to our celestial seeing. How amazing will be to us, when we shall reach that heavenly shore, our incredulity, our limitations, our dulness, our failure to catch at least some hints and foregleams of things to come! The shadows are here, the lights are there. Do not reverse the truth, and talk of the life to come as if sight were to be turned into faith, not faith into sight; as if we were not to see eye to eye; as if there could be no more beholding of the Lord and no more leaning upon his breast, like that which is recorded of the beloved disciple. Believe in persons, in forms, in beating hearts, in the kindling eye, in the voice of pure affection, and that to be translated and transfigured is only to be clothed upon with a more serviceable and expressive form.

And the world to come shall not only be surpassingly real, but also surpassingly beautiful. We shall see the King in his beauty. Glory might dazzle and blind us; glory might seem unapproachable. It is beauty that our human weakness craves.

Through the beautiful we come to knowledge and goodness. When we fall away from God and make our earth a wilderness and a prison-house, God does not cease to make everything lovely in its time. Even from the battlefield the fair plants spring into life and the sweet flowers open into the light; for amid all distractions and conflicts of the hour the Father of all worlds and all souls still proposes love and peace, and the loveliness of nature prophesies of that better day when wisdom and goodness shall find out a substitute for our rude appeals to force. And, if there is no beauty on earth so radiant as the beauty of holiness, no face so fair as the face of the true saint, what feasts is our God preparing for the eyes of those who love him, and who shall be accounted worthy of the resurrection and fit to come into that world of light! The Lamb, it is said, is the brightness thereof. That one transfigured and illumined face which Peter and James and John would gladly have gazed upon forever shall pour its radiance over the celestial hills, and shall be the light of the celestial sun and stars, and shall be reflected in every humblest object. How much more in the faces of those who shall be at one with the Lord, like him because they shall see him as he is, because his divine spirit shall be the very breath of their lives, and they shall ever be growing up in all things to Him who is the crown and consummation of their being!

"They shall behold the land that is very far off." Yes, very far off, it must be said, —so far that some even question its existence; and yet how near, if only we will! "Our conversation," said the apostles, "is in heaven"; we can hear the voices of Christ and his angels; we are there already in visions and anticipations. The time is short. We are so thoroughly persuaded of the life to come that we cannot exaggerate the life which we are now living. My friends, has not a door been opened into the heavens for us as well as for them? Have we not promises; have we not revelations; are we not very untrue to our Christian privileges, if we do not feed our souls upon great hopes, if we do not strengthen our own souls and the souls of others for whom, it may be, this life has little more of enjoyment in store, by confident gospel speech—the speech of Christ and his apostles—of the future life?

It is, indeed, nothing to the selfish and worldly to be told that the sweet companionships of heaven are in store; but it will help all who are coming to themselves, and all whose burdens of duty and sorrow are over-heavy, to look upward and forward. How can we live as Christians unless we believe as Christians? Let us lay hold of things to come; let us find Christ in heaven, and then he will return to us on earth, and go about with us when we are trying to do good, and break bread with us in the house of prayer and in our homes, and kindle and make everlasting in our hearts those heavenly affections without which we could never get to heaven, and should not know it to be heaven if we could.—*Rufus Ellis.*

THE STILL HOUR.

THOU KNOWEST, LORD.

Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest;
Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,
Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed,—
I come before Thee at Thy gracious word,
And lay them at Thy feet; Thou knowest, Lord.

Thou knowest all the present: each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;
All to myself, assigned of tribulation,
Or to beloved ones than self more dear;
All pensive memories as I journey on,
Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.

Thou knowest all the future: gleams of gladness
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast,
Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,
And the dark river to be crossed at last.
Oh, what could hope and confidence afford
To tread that path, but this,—Thou knowest,
Lord?

Thou knowest, not alone as God, all-knowing;
As man, our mortal weakness Thou hast
proved;

On earth with purest sympathies o'erflowing;
O Saviour, Thou hast wept and Thou hast
loved;

And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

Therefore I come, Thy gentle call obeying,
And lay my sins and sorrows at Thy feet,
On everlasting strength my weakness staying,
Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete;

Then, rising and refreshed, I leave Thy throne,
And follow on to know as I am known.

—*Hymnologia Christiana.*

The great thing needed for moral development is more vital power. Love will make all things new. A profound influence in the centre of the soul will cause all parts of life to bud and blossom, and bear fruit.

But what can we do when the door of the heart is closed to God by sin, and the soul is left barren, cold, empty, incapable of any true virtue? We cannot, by an act of the will, create within the heart Christian sentiments and graces; we cannot by moral effort create within the soul generosity or love. What can we do? We can open the door; we can let God's influence come into the heart to lead us to Christ, to give us a sense of his pardoning love, to lift us to a higher plane of conviction. And this is prayer in its most essential nature.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

The possibilities of evil and weakness which are in every soul may become realities of good and strength. Exactly for that end is life given us; and all its encouragements and all its hardnesses invite us toward that grand result. Virtue can find one out, be it practised never so silently in the recesses of the spirit. Truth and goodness can find one out, be they only believed in and trusted in. You cannot love the truth and speak it, love purity and make it the star of your life, without truth and purity shining through you. You cannot make God and Christ your friends without their upholding you in life and in death.

Do you think that you can twist only sleazy threads into the cord of life, and yet that the cord itself will be strong enough to bear a strain? And would it not be idle to dream that we can be peevish in the little rubs of life, unfaithful in its duties, cold in prayer, hard and ungracious in our judgments, unthankful and unloving, and, in spite of ourselves, be made saints of God?

We need to cultivate religion as we would cultivate any other habit, if we would have our God nourish it with the strength which cometh down from heaven.

Only they whose faces shine with the glory of some inspiration which lifts them out of themselves shall ever do abiding work in this earnest world, and themselves shine in the memory of those who come after. To "press toward the mark of the high calling" is the secret of all true success.—*H. W. Foote, in "The Insight of Faith."*

THE BIBLE CLASS.

JESUS IN THE TEMPLE.

As Jesus grew older, the seasons were marked to him by the religious feasts. Recurring every month was the feast of the new moon. The seventh month was kept with especially solemn ceremonies. Although Jesus did not go to Jerusalem to the great celebrations of these feasts, he was present at the synagogue in Nazareth, as it was customary to hold services on these occasions in the synagogues as well as on the Sabbath (there was also a minor form of service on the second and fifth day of every week, when the country people came in to market). So was the Jewish child constantly reminded that everything in his life was dedicated to God, sanctified by his presence, under his direction, consecrated to him. The new year began with a solemn service; so did every month, so every week, so every day. The fruits of the earth were his gift: the "first fruits" of the harvest were consecrated to him, in grateful recognition.

"Private prayer, morning and evening hallowed daily life, and family religion pervaded the home. Before every meal they washed and prayed; after it they 'gave thanks.' Each household observed the Sabbath as a season of sacred rest and joy. True, rabbinism made this a matter of mere externalism, converting it into an unbearable burden. Still, the fundamental idea remained. As the head of the house returned on the Sabbath eve from the synagogue to his home, he found it festively adorned, the Sabbath lamp burning brightly, and the table spread with the richest each household could afford. But, first, he blessed each child with the blessing of Israel. And next evening, when the Sabbath light faded out, he made solemn 'separation' between the hallowed day and the working week; and so commenced his labor once more in the name of the Lord. Nor were the stranger, the poor, the widow, or the fatherless forgotten."

"It would be difficult to say which of the feasts would have the most vivid effect upon a child's imagination. There was 'Chanukah,' the feast of the Dedication, with its illumination of each house, when (in most

cases) the first evening one candle would be lit for each member of the household, the number increasing each night till on the eighth it was eight times that of the first. Then there was "Purim," the feast of Esther, with the good cheer and boisterous merriment which it brought; the feast of Tabernacles, when the very youngest of the family had to live out in the booth; and, chiefest of feasts, the week of the Passover, when, all leaven being carefully purged out, every morsel of food, by its difference from that ordinarily used, would show the child that the season was a special one."

Most joyous of all, perhaps, was the feast of Tabernacles (or "booths"), falling at the season which corresponds to the last of our September or first of October.

Edersheim says of this: "Three things specially marked the 'Feast of Tabernacles,'—its joyous festivities, the dwelling in 'booths,' and the peculiar sacrifices and rites of the week. The first of these was simply characteristic of a 'feast of ingathering.' 'Because the Lord thy God shall bless thee in all thine increase, and in all the works of thine hands, therefore thou shalt surely rejoice, thou, and thy son, and thy daughter, and thy man-servant, and thy maid-servant, and the Levite, the stranger, and the fatherless, and the widow that are within thy gates.' Nor were any to 'appear before the Lord empty; every man shall give as he is able, according to the blessing of the Lord thy God, which he hath given thee.' Votive, free-will, and peace offerings would mark their gratitude to God, and at the meal which ensued the poor, the stranger, the Levite, and the homeless would be welcome guests for the Lord's sake. . . . There was besides something about this feast which would peculiarly remind them, if not of their dispersion, yet of their being 'strangers and pilgrims upon the earth.' For its *second characteristic* was that during the seven days of its continuance 'all that are Israelites born shall dwell in booths; that your generations may know that I made the children of Israel to dwell in booths when I brought them out of the land of Egypt.'" (The third characteristic regarded the offerings, of which there is not space to treat). (Edersheim, "Sketches of Jewish Social Life.")

At the age of thirteen a boy became of age; he then became "a Son of the Com-

mandment," or "of the Torah"; after this attendance at the feasts at Jerusalem, and personal observance of the ordinances, were required of him. That Jesus went with his parents to the feast at Jerusalem at the age of twelve would seem an inaccuracy, or else that the usual time was anticipated by a year. But it was, in fact, the custom to take a boy to the feast a year, sometimes two years, before he became, so to speak, a member of the congregation. This is very natural, if we consider that it would be an important matter to a parent to have his son introduced to the temple rabbis and priests, and so make sure that he was properly instructed and prepared for the next year.

We come now to the one only story which we possess of the youth of Jesus,—his visit to the temple at the age of twelve,—a story which has for us this inestimable value, that we may believe that it has certainly come directly from the lips of Mary. True, we have not a particle of *external* evidence in regard to this. But the *internal* evidence is so strong that there can scarcely be a doubt. For who but Mary remembered exactly how long it was before Jesus was missed; exactly how long it was before he was found; the very words which his mother used, in speaking to him, when found; the words of his answer (and that they did not at that time understand those words) and that his mother *silently* brooded over these words? And all this probably many years after the thing happened. It would require a most determined doubter to question whence came this narration. If ever there was a real *mother's* story, it is this.

Now, to understand the whole story, let us, in imagination, go back to the time.

First, as to the historical background. Archelaus had been banished to Gaul. His rule had lasted only nine years. Judea, Samaria, and Idumæa were united, and belonged to the Roman province of Syria. In Galilee there were more foreign elements than in Judea proper. The Romans, to a certain extent, seemed to have respected the religious feelings of the Jews. They even removed from their standards the image of the Roman emperor before marching their soldiers into Jerusalem, avoiding the appearance of the deifying of a man, so peculiarly obnoxious to Jewish feelings. Naza-

reth was on the great high road of commerce, and was near commercial centres: to Judea it was a sort of "Court of the Gentiles." Jesus, therefore, had opportunities in his youth of seeing foreigners, of learning the ways and thoughts of the inhabitants of other countries, of perceiving the contrast between Jewish religion and that of other nations, perhaps of observing how the more thoughtful and spiritual minds of other races were turning with reverence and interest toward the Jews.

For the situation was significant. Everywhere in the great Roman Empire the Jews were found, and the influence they had acquired was very strong; while the conquests of Rome had broken down partition walls, and brought into close relations the nations of the world. What was to result from these factors? Thoughtful men and women in both Greece and Rome and elsewhere were weary of the old heathenism, and their minds were prepared for something better.

In the spring of the year 8 or perhaps 9 of the Christian era the feet of Jesus first approached Jerusalem. Since he was carried to the temple as an infant he had never seen it. Now, for the first time as a youth his eyes were to behold the sacred building and the splendid ritual; his mind, nurtured from infancy on the teachings of the leaders of his nation, from Leviticus to Isaiah, to share in the holy ceremonies.

Before reaching Jerusalem, the temple would be seen, crowning the summit of the holy mountain, a pile of white marble and glittering gold. "My Father's house" would be the thought thrilling the heart of Jesus. And, when first led thither for the opening services of the feast, each step can be followed. There were four principal entrances, all to the west. It was the custom to enter by the one at the right, and to pass out by that farthest to the left. The whole space was enclosed by a double colonnade, roofed, containing seats and chambers for refreshment or rest. These are called "porches" in the New Testament, but might more accurately be termed "cloisters," as they did not, on three sides of the temple enclosure, possess gates for admission. Worshippers entered at once into the great Court of the Gentiles. The chambers in the cloisters were therefore open to the Gentiles; and in them were convenient places for conversation and dis-

cussion. It is supposed that it is here Jesus was found conversing with the rabbis.

But now the enthusiastic and tender spirit of the youth was to receive a painful shock. In the Court of the Gentiles stood a tablet, warning *foreigners* to go no farther on pain of death.

Is it too much to suppose that the great idea of the life of Jesus had already begun to spring in his mind, that his nation were to be the religious teachers of the whole world? Brought up in free and busy Galilee, accustomed to see foreigners admitted to the *synagogues* there, touched as his generous and loving heart must have often been by the sight of Roman and Greek listening with eager faces to the religious teaching of the Old Testament, so much purer and higher than any they had known, familiar from early childhood with such passages as these:—

"The stranger that dwelleth with you shall be unto you as one born among you and thou shalt love him as thyself: for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt. I am the Lord your God." (Lev. xix. 34.)

"The sons of the stranger that join themselves to the Lord to serve him, . . .

"Even them will I bring to my holy mountain, and make them joyful in my house of prayer. Their burnt offerings and their sacrifices shall be accepted upon mine altar; for mine house shall be called a house of prayer for ALL PEOPLE." (Isa. lvi. 6, 7.)

Have we not here a clew to some of the questions asked by Jesus of the rabbis a few days later?

(To be continued.)

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

FALSE KINDNESS.

The softest little fluff of fur!
The gentlest, most persuasive purr!
Oh! everybody told me that
She was the "loveliest little cat!"
So, when she on the table sprung
And lapped the cream with small red tongue,
I only gently put her down,
And said, "No, no!" and tried to frown;
But, if I had been truly kind,
I should have made that kitten mind.

Now, large and quick, and strong of will,
She'll spring upon the table still,
And, spite of all my watchful care,
Will snatch the choicest dainties there;

And everybody says, "Scat! scat!
She's such a dreadful, dreadful cat!"
But I, who hear them, know with shame,
I only am the one to blame;
For, in the days when she was young,
And lapped the cream with small red tongue,
Had I to her been truly kind,
I should have made that kitten mind.

—Harper's Young People.

HOW MARY LEARNED TO OBEY.

"Mary," said Mary's Aunt Jane, who had come to make a visit at Mary's mother's in the country, "I am going to the village this afternoon, and, if you would like, you may go with me."

Mary was, of course, much pleased with this invitation.

"A part of the way," continued her aunt, "is by a path across the fields. While we are there, you must keep in the path all the time; for it rained a little this morning, and I am afraid that the grass may not be quite dry."

"Yes, Aunt Jane, I'll keep in the path," said Mary.

So they set out on the walk together. When they came to the gate which led to the path across the fields, Aunt Jane said, "Remember, Mary, you must keep in the path."

Mary said nothing, but ran forward. Pretty soon she began to walk a little on the margin of the grass; and before long, observing a place where the grass was short, and where the sun shone, she ran out boldly upon it, and then, looking down at her shoes, she observed that they were not wet. She held up one of her feet to her aunt as she came opposite to the place, saying,—

"See, aunt, the grass is not wet at all."

"I see it is not," said her aunt. "I thought it would not be wet, though I was not sure but that it might be. But come," she added, holding out her hand, "I have concluded not to go to the village, after all. We are going back home."

"Oh, Aunt Jane!" said Mary, following her aunt as she began retracing her steps along the path. "What is that for?"

"I have altered my mind," said her aunt.

"What makes you alter your mind?"

By this time Aunt Jane had taken hold of Mary's hand, and they were walking together along the path toward home.

"Because you don't obey me," she said.

"Why, auntie," said Mary, "the grass was not wet at all where I went."

"No," said her aunt, "it was perfectly dry."

"And it did not do any harm at all for me to walk upon it," said Mary.

"Not a bit of harm," said her aunt.

"Then why are you going home?" asked Mary.

"Because you don't obey me," replied her aunt.

"You see," said her aunt, "there is one thing about this that you don't understand, because you are such a little girl. You will understand it by and by, when you grow older; and I don't blame you for not knowing it now, because you are so young."

"What is it that I don't know?" asked Mary.

"I am afraid you would not understand it very well if I were to explain it," replied her aunt.

"Try me," said Mary.

"Well, you see," replied her aunt, "I don't feel safe with any child that does not obey me. This time no harm was done, because the grass happened to be dry; but farther on there is a brook. I might have told you not to go near the brink of the brook for fear of your falling in. Then you might have gone, notwithstanding, if you thought there was no danger, just as you went out upon the grass because you thought it was not wet, notwithstanding my saying that you must keep in the path. So you see I never feel safe in taking walks in places where there is any danger with children that I cannot always depend upon to do exactly what I say."

Mary was, of course, now ready to make profuse promises that she would obey her aunt in the future on all occasions, and began to beg that she would continue her walk to the village.

"No," said her aunt, "I don't think it would be quite safe for me to trust to your promises, though I have no doubt you honestly mean to keep them. But you remember you promised me that you would keep in the path when we planned this walk; and yet, when the time of temptation came, you could not keep the promise. But you will learn. When I am going on some perfectly safe walk, I will take you with me

again; and, if I stay here some time, you will learn to obey me so perfectly that I can take you with me to any place, no matter how dangerous it may be."

Aunt Jane thus gently, but firmly, persisted in abandoning the walk to the village and returning home, but she immediately turned the conversation away from the subject of Mary's fault, and amused her with stories and aided her in gathering flowers, just as if nothing had happened; and, when she arrived at home, she said nothing to any one of Mary's disobedience. Here now was punishment calculated to make a very strong impression, but still without scolding, without anger, almost, in fact, without even any manifestations of displeasure. And yet how long can any reasonable person suppose it would be before Mary would learn, if her aunt acted invariably on the same principles, to submit implicitly to her will?

A DIFFERENT MANAGEMENT.

Compare the probable result of this mode of management with the scolding and threatening policy. Suppose Aunt Jane had called to Mary angrily,—

"Mary! Mary! come directly back into the path. I told you not to go out of the path, and you are a very naughty child to disobey me. The next time you disobey me in that way I will send you directly home."

Mary would have been vexed and irritated, perhaps, and would have said to herself, "How cross Aunt Jane is to-day!" but the "next time" she would have been as disobedient as ever.

If mothers, instead of scowling, scolding, and threatening now, and putting off doing the thing that ought to be done to the "next time," would do that thing at once, and give up the scowling, scolding, and threatening altogether, they would find all parties immensely benefited by the change.

It is evident, moreover, that by this mode of management the punishment is employed not in the way of retribution, but as a remedy. Mary loses her walk not on the ground that she deserved to lose it, but because it was not safe to continue it.—"*Gentle Measures in Training the Young*," Jacob Abbott.

Is it Possible without Severity to train Young Children to Perfect Obedience?

It depends what you mean by "young children," whether you mean an infant or a child four or five years old. A mother who has had entire care of her own children from their infancy should be able to have perfect obedience without ever using severity. But, if the children are allowed to do as they please from birth until four or five years old, *then* children, parents, and teachers will all have a hard time.

Take not the risk of *over-indulgence* to your young children, dear friends, but show them their little duties even while they are but infants. Each triumph, no matter how small it seems, strengthens just so much. If for wrong, just so much is lost; if for right, your child has gained just so much moral courage that in the years to come may save parents and child from a life of sorrow. It is the seemingly trifling disobediences of young children that amount to so much.

Surely, severity is never needed if a child has had a good example set it by both parents, and been carefully taught its childish duty to "father" and "mother."

Should a Child be governed by Reason or Authority?

By reason, without doubt. A mother's love for her child or children, it seems to me, should show her how to save them from much childish trouble. Now, by love, I do not mean a mother who allows her child to do exactly as it pleases, to eat just when and what it chooses, to go to bed when it sees fit, to wear what it fancies, to go out without overshoes if it wishes, or without an overcoat if to its childish mind it seems warm enough, go to school if it wants to, or stay at home if it doesn't care to go.

To bring up a child in this way is not what I call loving your child. It is when a mother says kindly, but firmly, "Charley must wear his coat, because he may take cold if he doesn't." "Maud must wear her cap, or she may have to suffer with earache or toothache if she goes out without her cap on." "Nellie will have to wear the overshoes till spring, or she will take cold and be ill just when all the other children are rolling hoop and jumping rope." It is this mother that truly loves her children. And she will have

an early bed-time for them, proper food for them, a good walk daily, and a good school chosen for them, and will devise pleasing and instructive amusements for them when at home.

So great will be *this* mother's influence over her girls and boys that out of self-respect even the youngest will not think of disregarding "mother's" wishes. Therefore, she would never have to punish disobedience. Or, if she did, a look merely of disapproval or disappointment would be all that would be needed from a mother who has the proper influence over her children, and she would obtain at once the obedience she desired.

My greatest punishment when a child and to this day, was and is to displease my mother. And I believe the same to be true of all children if they have the proper respect for their parents.

To *prevent* disobedience is far better than to cure it. EVA JANE SWAYZE.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all matter for this department to Mrs. J. B. Millet, 150 Charles Street, Boston, Mass.]

GENERAL INFORMATION FOR GIVERS AND RECEIVERS.

1. If you see a book offered in the Book Club which you desire to read, write directly to the address of the person who offers it. If she receives more than one request, the addresses of those to whom she cannot respond may be sent to the Book Club, and the request printed there.

2. If you have a book or paper to give or lend, write directly to the Book Club as above, and offer it with your address.

3. In sending a book, enclose, when possible, a P.O. card for response, already addressed.

4. In thanking the person who has sent you a book, always mention the name of the book. Say, "I have received 'Black Beauty,'" or whatever the book may be; not, "I have received *that book*." This saves a busy person a good deal of time. Otherwise, she must consult her list constantly to find out what book has been received safely.

N.B.—Do not send books to the Book

Club. Send only the *offer* to the club. To send the *book* involves packing it *twice* and paying postage *twice*, where once would suffice.

Those who offer books frequently receive notes saying, "Shall I return you this book, or keep it, or pass it on?" *Unless otherwise stated*, all books offered in this department are *given*, and the postage paid.

OFFERS.

Will any mother who would like to have "Gentle Measures in Training the Young," by Jacob Abbott, or any one who would like "Black Beauty," address Miss Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.?

A friend of the Book Club has sent Mrs. Millet a number of copies of the Columbus guide for distribution. Any person who is making a study of the work of Columbus and his successors may receive one by applying to Mrs. J. B. Millet, 150 Charles Street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Henry C. Weston, the Uplands, Beverly Farms, Mass., will give and send the following books: "Adam Bede," "Daniel Deronda," "Mill on the Floss," "Romola," by George Eliot; "Twice Told Tales," "Mosses from an Old Manse," Hawthorne; "Waverley," Scott; "David Copperfield," "Old Curiosity Shop," Dickens; "Henry Esmond," "Vanity Fair," Thackeray; "Jane Eyre," Charlotte Brontë; "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," E. S. Creasy; "Last Days of Pompeii," Bulwer; "Zenobia," William Ware; "Alhambra," Washington Irving; "Consuelo," George Sand; "Hypatia," Kingsley; "Vicar of Wakefield," Goldsmith; "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Mrs. Stowe.

The ladies connected with the Barton Square Alliance, having formed a branch of the Cheerful Letter, are desirous of becoming acquainted with some of the shut-ins. They have several of the magazines to offer, and hope by the fall to have some more substantial reading to offer. The following is a list from which we would be glad to send whatever may be wanted: *American History*, 1891, 3 numbers missing; odd numbers of *Choice Literature*, 1884; odd numbers of *Bay State Monthly* for 1884 and 1885; *New England Magazine* for 1886, 1890, 1891

(some missing); *Unitarian*, several years; *Harper's Young People*, *Harper's Bazar*, *Littell's Living Age*, *Harper's Magazine*, *Youth's Companion*, back years, children's books, *Every Other Sunday* (present year), *Cheerful Letter* (present year). Several of our members are now in communication with shut-ins, and doing a very good work.

Apply to Mrs. Ella H. Harris, 15 Winter Street, Salem, Mass.

A magazine called *Success with Flowers* is offered by Mrs. J. H. Tweedy, 584 Marshall Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

The following books are offered by Miss Mary T. Reed, Roanoke Avenue, Jamaica Plain, Mass.: Worcester's "Pronouncing Speller"; Franklin's "Written Arithmetic"; Franklin's "Elementary Arithmetic"; Colburn's "Mental Arithmetic"; Swinton's "New Language Lessons"; Harrington's "Spelling Book"; Song Book; Wentworth's "Elements of Algebra"; Warren's "Primary Geography"; Warren's "Brief Course in Geography"; Harper's "School Geography"; Franklin's "Advanced Second Reader," "Third Reader," "Fourth Reader," "Advanced Fourth Reader," "Fifth Reader"; Gilbert's "Second French Reader" (containing Life of Robinson Crusoe); Keetel's "Illustrated First Book in French"; Montonier's "Pour Apprendre à Parler Français" and "L'Étude du Français"; Hachette's "Illustrated French Primer"; Chardenal's "First French Course"; Blouet's "Primer of French Composition," "La Jeune Libérienne"; "Second French Book"; "French Primer"; Longfellow's Poems; Mrs. Slade's "Exhibition Days."

Miss Mattie E. French, Kenosha, Wisconsin, offers the following books: "Data of Ethics," Herbert Spencer; "Arne," Björnson; "Lord Saxondale," G. W. M. Reynolds; "Recent Inquiries in Theology," F. H. Hedge.

I have a class of six young ladies who are members of the Look-up Circle of King's Daughters. Their ages are sixteen to twenty, and they would be glad to correspond with some young girls of their own age. Probably would be able to send some reading matter. Any names sent to my address would be gladly received. (Miss) Harriet M. Sherman, 36 Harris Street, Waltham, Mass.

I have several copies of "Henrietta's Wish," by Miss Yonge, a story for girls between fifteen and twenty. "A Modern Telemachus," also by Miss Yonge, is bound up with it. That is interesting in its way, but "Henrietta's Wish" is one of the most charming stories, such as only Miss Yonge can write. Also two copies of "Anna Maria's Housekeeping," a very helpful book for any young housekeeper; "John Halifax"; "Christie Johnstone," one of Charles Reade's brilliant short stories; Emerson's Essays, first series (paper); "Tales," by Miss Edgeworth (paper). Address Miss L. Freeman Clarke, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

The Cambridge Branch of the Cheerful Letter Exchange offers the following books, for which address Mrs. William Cook, 71 Appleton Street, Cambridge, Mass.: "The Morgessons," Elizabeth Stoddard; "My Ducats and my Daughter"; "The Miz-maze," by nine authors; "Mr. Barnes of New York," Archibald Gunter; "Maid of Athens," Justin McCarthy; "Neighbor Jackwood," J. T. Trowbridge; "A Narrow Escape," Annie Thomas; "Not in the Prospectus," Danforth; "Noblesse Oblige" (novel of the French Revolution); "Old World Questions and New World Answers"; "Old Mortality," Scott; "The Origin of Species," Charles Darwin; "Othello the Second," Robinson; "Old Myddleton's Money," Mary Cecil Hay; "The Pilgrim and the Shrine" (correspondence of Ainslee); Poems (Gleanings from Business Life); "The Phenomena of the Four Seasons" (Religious Lectures), Hitchcock; Poems, Miss Gould; "From Post to Finish," Hawley Smart; "Parables from Nature," Mrs. Gatty; "Quits," Baroness Tautphœus; "Question Book" (Life of Jesus), Winkley; "The Right Honorable," J. McCarthy and Mrs. Campbell Praed; "The Residuary Legatee," F. J. Stimson; "The Rose Family" (Fairy Tale), L. M. Alcott; "Rose Turquand," Elise Hopkinson; "Reveries of a Bachelor," Ik Marvel; "St Phillips"; "The Sacred Nugget," Farjeon; "Seven Oaks," J. G. Holland; "Sir Philip Heatherington," author of "Olivia"; "She" (two copies), Rider Haggard; "The Strange Voyage," W. Clark Russell; "The Seamy Side," Besant and Rice; "The Scouring of the White Horse"; "A String of Pearls,"

G. P. R. James; "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," Stevenson; "Sadler's Exercises" (English into French); "The Sketch Book," Irving; "The Terrace of Mon Desir" (Russian Life); "The Two Guardians," Miss Yonge; "Thinks I to Myself"; "Thorp," Mulford; "Thorndale," Wm. Smith; "Tourmalin's Time Checks," F. Anstey; "Tie and Trick," Hawley Smart; "Thoughts and Things at Home and Abroad," Burritt; "The Tichborne Romance," by a barrister-at-law; "Too Soon," Katharine S. Macquoid; "Voices of Praise" (hymns), C. L. Hutchins; "The Wooing O't," Mrs. Alexander; "Women are Strange," Robinson; "The Wearing of the Green," Basil; "The Widow Wyse"; "Who Breaks Pays"; "Winstrow," Mrs. Leith-Adams.

REQUESTS.

Will members of the Cheerful Letter Exchange who go to remote places for their summer vacations kindly report to us the addresses of light-ships, forts, or charitable institutions unprovided with reading matter, where back numbers of magazines and papers would be welcome?

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Millet, asking, "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it: else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Millet, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

Will the clubs of young people who are willing to help us, including all circles, guilds, King's Daughters' Societies, Lend-a-hand Clubs, etc., please to read the note from the editor on the last page?

I have received *The Cheerful Letter* for several months. I am much pleased with it. I am shut in, blind in one eye, and very lame. I knit lace for twenty-five cents a spool. I would like one of your scrap-books very much if you have any to spare. I have a few paper-covered books that have been sent. I might give *The Cheerful Letter*, "What would you do, Love?" "The Danvers Jewels," and some papers. I like good reading and letters. Mrs. E. Hance, Williamson, Wayne County, New York.

Mr. H. W. Fooshee, Naples, Illinois, would like some books with raised letters for the blind for a young woman who is poor, very fond of reading, having been taught at a State asylum, but unable to get any books.

Mr. Alvin H. Space, Clark's Summit, Pennsylvania, would be very glad of any reading matter. He writes: "I should like anything,—books, magazines, or papers. I am a cripple from rheumatism twenty-seven years, thirteen years unable to walk, no home, no near and dear friends to assist me. Do you see why I can and do appreciate all kind offers? . . . I will forward all books and papers to other shut-ins that I know would like to have them."

Mrs. Lou M. Freeman, Correctionville, Iowa, would like a history of England suitable for a child.

Will some one who takes *The Cheerful Letter* send it to me, and I will pass it on to others. I am a correspondent in the Post-office Mission, and would like to send sample copies to people who might take it. Indeed, I could use several copies every month in this way. I wish that I had the whole of the first volume, particularly No. 1. I have given considerable attention to the problem proposed by a correspondent, "How can a person with weak eyes and in bad health earn a little money?" and I have decided for me, at least, the only solution is to be as sweet and helpful as we can, making it possible and pleasant for others to earn it for us.

"I hold him great who for love's sake
Can give with earnest, generous will;
Yet he who takes for love's sweet sake
I think I hold more generous still."

Will any one who has "The Story of Ida" to give away send it for the benefit of a book club to Post-office Mission, 22 Cameron Avenue, West Somerville, Mass.

Dear Friend,—Please accept my sincere thanks for *Cheerful Letters*. They reached me safely, and are much appreciated. I would be glad to get *Babyhood* or *Mother's Nursery Guide* from some one who has read them. I will pay postage on same if any one will take the trouble to send them to this far sunny Southland. Yours very truly, Sallie Horne, Cuba, Rutherford County, North Carolina.

(*Babyhood* and *The Mother's Nursery Guide* are the same magazine.—Ed.)

Mrs. Mary B. Keech, Calmar, Iowa, asks for the *Educator*, the *School Journal*, or any educational paper or magazine giving the current events in this and other countries.

Will any one who has a botany of recent date, which they would be willing to give away or sell for a small sum, write to the secretary, Miss Langmaid.

Mrs. Wm. R. Strong, Bridge Hampton, Suffolk County, New York, would like a book on landscape painting in oil.

I have last year's *Cosmopolitan*, and am taking it this year. I would like to exchange for *Harper's* or *Century* for the same year, or any first-class magazine. Mrs. D. Warner, Grove, Geauga County, Ohio.

The *Unitarian* for the current year is asked for by Mr. L. D. Boise, Hinsdale, Berkshire County, Mass.

The *New York Ledger* is asked for by Mr. Thos. F. Lockhart, Wellington, Missouri.

A friend sends me *The Cheerful Letter*, and in my need I am going to apply to you. A case was reported to me of two children, living about nine miles from here who do not even know the alphabet, as near as I can learn. They are aged near thirteen and fifteen years. They have no mother, and the father don't want to send them to school. The grandmother is anxious for them to learn to read. The children, a boy and girl, are not anxious, but have half promised, if they can get books, to try. I have so many such requests that just now I have nothing suitable. Could you send me primers or picture-books for beginners,—something that the grandmother, who very likely can scarcely read, can teach from? Then I know a boy, he must be about fifteen, who is so fond of books, and is away on a farm where he can get no reading matter. He was in my Sunday-school class several years ago, and since then I have sent him what reading I could. He is a fine boy. . . . I wish you could send him suitable books or reading matter for a boy of his age. And, if some boy or girl would write to him, I am sure he would like it, and it would be an education for him. His address is

Johnnie Brown, Mountain Rest, South Carolina. The other books I first asked for can be sent to me. I hope I am not asking too much, and that they can be sent soon. Very sincerely, Mrs. M. A. Durgin, Highlands, North Carolina.

I am a farmer, and my work is now about done; and I feel thirsty for something to while away the long, lonesome hours for myself and family. I would be thankful for books or magazines that you would find convenient to send me. I am a poor man, not able to buy books or take magazines; and I make this request that you send me some books for myself and family. My family consists of my wife and four children, only two little boys old enough to read. They are eight and six years old. My wife is in bad health; and, if you will send us books or magazines, we shall be very thankful. Post-office address, Mr. W. L. Moseley, Gap, Comanche County, Texas.

(Anything going by *freight* may be sent to Comanche, Texas, and Mr. Moseley will go for it.)

(The secretary again begs her correspondents to write only on one side of the paper, especially when sending lists.)

I see in *Cheerful Letter* for July the request for ministers to send the names of those who would like and need reading. Now, in the neighborhood I left in Virginia (a year ago) are some who have not even a pastor to speak for them, so I will enclose their addresses.

Miss Minnie Lewelling, a young lady who would like *Ladies' Home Journal*, or any magazines containing fancy work and fashions.

Miss Laura D. Hawley, a girl twelve years old, would like the *Youth's Companion* and any books and papers suitable to her age. She likes books and reading, but is unable to procure them. She would like school-books, a history of the United States.

Mr. J. M. Wilbern, a father who likes to read, would like one or two good family newspapers (Democratic).

Mrs. John Apsley, a mother of young children, would like any good home magazine or newspapers.

Mrs. Anna Jones (colored), mother of a large family, any illustrated family papers or books and magazines.

The address of all is Morrison, Warwick County, Virginia. Sent by Mrs. E. M. Backus.

(It is possible that some of our members are sending already to those mentioned by Mrs. Backus. If so, will they let Mrs. Millet know? And will any who are *willing* to send books to this place also inform Mrs. Millet?)

Mrs. Elizabeth Poesy requests reading matter, magazines, papers, etc. She is confined at home, owing to poor health. Should any kind sister feel disposed to send reading, please address Mrs. Elizabeth Poesy, care of M. E. Oades, Olympia, Washington.

A friend sends me *The Cheerful Letter* after reading, and I send it on to another shut-in. I would like to join *The Cheerful Letter*, as I am a shut-in, owing to ill health, and live one-half mile from any neighbor. I have not been able to go to church for seven years, as I can't ride. I am a member of the Congregational Church. I would like some reading, stories with a religious moral. I will send to any one a hand-painted picture that will send me the *Youth's Companion* or *Peterson's Magazine* regularly after reading, the *Youth's Companion* to commence with July, and the *Peterson's Magazine* with January, 1893. I would like to exchange "Black Beauty" or some other book for "Uncle Tom's Cabin." I will send some of the *Advocates* and *Guardians* to any one that will send some stamps for postage. Mrs. Frank W. Grant, Acton, York County, Maine.

For twenty years I have resided in the country in great retirement, in a section of Virginia proverbial for its isolation and primitiveness. Such environments only increase a yearning for good reading matter. Society is an obsolete pleasure. Hence the next best pleasure is the companionship of books, and through this medium derive gleams of enjoyment that only those can appreciate whose lives are spent so far from all the advantages and culture of mind and eye that cities like unto Boston can unfold, and whose means are insufficient to supply easily this craved pleasure. I therefore hail with joy the kind privilege offered by *The Cheerful Letter*, and beg that, if you can conveniently grant me some of the pleasant literature offered, I will be, not only very grateful, but will evince my appreciation by

passing the books to others of similar taste and limited means, and in this way broaden the mission and happiness of *The Cheerful Letter*.

By way of suggestion, I shall be very glad to read any of the following books,—“Peg Woffington,” “Christie Johnstone,” “A Page of Sixteen,”—though anything your kindness may bestow will bring gladness. Mrs. Annie L. Henry, Clarkton, Virginia.

(“Christie Johnstone” has been sent.)

Will you please request through *The Cheerful Letter* that reading matter be sent to an invalid? Mrs. Annie Carson, West Levant, Maine. She would be pleased with any interesting reading. I hope this sister will be remembered with reading and letters. Florence A. Langley, West Levant, Maine.

I saw your offer to send the *Youth's Companion* to any one. I have three little girls who would be thankful to receive it. Truly yours. Address, Mrs. Henry Hubman, Emerson, Manitoba, Canada.

(This request should have gone directly to the lady who offered the paper. See above. Ed.)

I have written to two invalids, one in West Virginia and one in Kentucky; and the reading that has been sent to me, after having gone the rounds of the place, I send up north to a settlement where they like to read, but are poor, and give them the reading. I mean old books and papers and magazines. I send them up by some one that is going or take them myself when I go a-berrying. A neighbor of mine wished me to send in her name to *The Cheerful Letter*. She is a mother, has six little children, the eldest, eleven years old, and this one a boy, likes to read. I have given them a great deal to read, still she thinks she would like more. She would like to have some one write to her, but would be unable to answer at present. She is a hard-worked woman, and has an old mother living with her who is fond of reading. Mrs. Carrie E. Deuel, South Trenton, New York.

(It would save a little time to mention the name of the friend recommended. We have had several letters lately asking for reading for some one whose address is not given).

LETTERS.

I am a little boy, twelve years old. My father was a lawyer, and every one says a good one. My mother has two gold medals he took at school for oratory, one one year, and one the next; and he wasn't twenty when he graduated with highest honors. He was at the University of Alabama; but he married my dear mamma when he was twenty-two and she sixteen. I was born Aug. 30, 1880, so you see I will be soon thirteen. My papa came from Alabama to Florida in 1882, and died from brain-fever when I was three years old, leaving my mamma with just two little boys, my brother Courtney, who was just a tiny baby. He is now eight years old. Mamma has done her best to educate us. Sometimes we have had to go to a free school, but they are not good with us as I hear they are with you. A kind friend sent us *Youth's Companion* and *Babyland* a year ago. So I got a new subscriber, and got the paper for this year; and Coco got a new subscriber for *Babyland* and got it for himself for this year, but he's most too large for it now. A lady gave mamma a paper called *The Cheerful Letter*. She gave two copies of it, one December, 1892, and January, 1893. They are both so old that mamma said it was too late to write to any of the ladies, so I thought I'd write to you, and see if you could not get some one to send me *St. Nicholas* (mamma used to get it for me, but she is not able to now) or *Wide Awake* or *Pansy* or *Little Men and Women*. We had sample copies sent us of these with one *Babyland*, and tried to get subscribers, but could not. Times were too hard, people said. And if you could get some one to send mamma *Young Ladies' Journal* after they had read it, for this year, and any old copies since August, 1890. She took it up to then, but cannot spare the four dollars now. She had piles of old ones, but she has given them all away. She gave the last eighteen she had to a poor lady who had a little boy born with his legs crooked, and his mamma has to sit and hold him so much; and mamma said she could read the books, and learn so many pretty crochet patterns, and the colored plates the little boy loved to play with. If any one could send us any old books they are through with, how grateful we should be! Mamma reads every afternoon one hour to us, and

again awhile after tea; but we boys are generally so sleepy she has to send us to bed. She is now reading "Swiss Family Robinson" that I borrowed. Oh, I do wish it belonged to me! I could read it over and over. Little brother and I both talk over it all day when we get a chance, and wish we could do like the boys in it. I wish I had a "Robinson Crusoe." I did read one that belonged to another boy. It was one syllable, and was for boys little brother's age. When mamma can spare the money, she gets us new books; but that's not often. She got me *Æsop's Fables* for fifteen cents, and Courtney a fairy tale book, but she says all the other fifteen-cent books are novels. She got for herself "Lorna Doone." She had read a copy belonging to a friend, but, as this was muslin-bound and only fifteen cents, she sent and got it; but she says I am too young to enjoy it, as it is just the beautiful language she enjoys. Please get some one to send mamma *Ladies' Home Journal*, new or old copies, and also *The Cheerful Letter* every month. Please send me something to read soon. Send to Tom W. Clark, Dade City, Pasco County, Florida, and to Master Courtney J. Clark.

(*St. Nicholas* and *Youth's Companion* are being sent.—Sec.)

My dear Miss Clarke,—*The Cheerful Letter* reached me last evening, laden as usual with food and consolation for the weary souls who are on the tempest-tossed sea of life, without rudder or anchor to guide us, and too many relying upon their own works for salvation instead of relying on God's promises and mercy. Oh, how comforting the article by Stopford A. Brooke, "One Flock and One Shepherd"! I am unable to attend church most of the time, and to-day, being Sunday and all gone but me, I anticipated a lonely time as usual; but, after I got to reading my *Cheerful Letter*, I forgot my surroundings, and my soul was filled with love to my heavenly Father and his children everywhere. What a glorious thing this love which flows from our Father's throne and fills our poor hearts to overflowing, and we feel in love with all of God's handiwork! Circumstances over which I had no control have made my life very sad, but I am patiently waiting to hear my Father's voice saying: "It is enough. Come up higher,

weary one, and rest." Oh, can't we afford to endure to the end, and have an abundant entrance to the many mansions? Yours in Christian love, Mrs. Belle Blackey, Pelican Rapids, Minnesota.

I enclose 50 cents for subscription to *Cheerful Letter*. I feel that I ought to help that noble work all I can. Being a shut-in myself, I can sympathize with others. I have received several copies of *Cheerful Letter* from some unknown friend. May God help you all in your noble work! I wish I could do more. I often wish I could give some of my flowers to some of the sick or shut-ins that I see in *Cheerful Letter*, so many like myself. All the pleasure I have is seeing my family well, my flowers and reading. My oldest child being helpless, it keeps me at home nearly all the time; and it is so pleasant to receive reading matter from unknown friends. I thank you all; and may God bless you all and carry you through! You may publish this if you wish. I have sent all my *Households*, but shall have some *Housewives* that I could send to any wishing them.

I have written to Miss Bertha Langmaid I wish to become a member. Yours, I. H. N., Mrs. E. Rowe, Melville, St. Landry Parish, Louisiana.

P.S.—Please send me the "Life and Times of Jesus." I will pass it on to others if you haven't already sent it to some one else. My crippled daughter received some cards and pictures; and how delighted she was to get them! Every day she is looking for more, and wonders why they don't come. A lady promised to send her books; but she cannot read, but likes to look at picture-books, and is so glad when she gets anything of the kind.

Dear Lady,—My mamma is an invalid, and wants the ladies to remember her. She cannot walk or do much work, and would like silk pieces and floss to make up in fancy work to sell to help clothe us. Please send reading, "In His Name," to Miss Mae Upton (age 10), Box 830, Newport, Vermont.

Through the kindness of Miss Dewson, I have received four numbers of *The Cheerful Letter*, and am so pleased with the magazine or paper I have written to-day to Miss Bertha Langmaid, offering myself as

a member of the Exchange. I will tell you a little about myself, and hope you will not think me egotistical. I am a shut-in King's Daughter, have been more or less an invalid for more than thirty years, never see an hour free from pain; walk always with one crutch, used two for a number of years; have hip-joint disease, and for several years the cough that goes with catarrhal pneumonia of the lungs. Pa and I are alone, although I have three sisters and one brother married, all living, though none of them live in Iowa City.

We live a mile from town, and have no horse, so I seldom get over to town. I enjoy reading very much, but cannot afford to buy many books: so I am going to mention two or three from your list, in February *Cheerful Letter*, that I should so much like to have. Any books I get from the Exchange I will gladly pass around, as there are several of the neighbors whose purses are no better supplied than mine. Father is a great reader, and, being past seventy-one, is not able to do much work, so has plenty of time for reading. Have I bored you? The books I would like are these (shall be glad to have even one): "Stepping Heavenward," "The Scarlet Letter," "Patience Strong's Outings," and "We Two."

I think the Exchange a grand good idea, and hope the time may come when I can give as well as receive. That God will bless all engaged in the work of relieving the tedium of the sick-room, I am very sure. Sincerely yours, I. H. N., Miss Mollie Robinson, Iowa City, Iowa, Box 11.

"Look up, my soul, not down;
 God's face will smile, not frown.
 Look out, my heart, not in;
 To doubt Christ were a sin.
 Look not behind,
 O troubled mind.
 Forward! Thyself forget;
 Pay thou the debt
 Of love which thou dost owe
 To all men, friend and foe.
 Trust God, whate'er betide,
 Faith, Hope, and Love thy guide,
 And Heaven thy sure reward.
 Till then
 Praise thou the Lord.
 Amen."

—From *Lend a Hand*.

HELPFUL WORDS.

TRUTH.—The world is full of good people, good as the world goes, good as the rich young man was good, who break no commandments, who neither falsify nor defraud, yet who do almost nothing to make the world better.

The minority is small, still, who work to bring in God's kingdom and his millennial day, who are willing to carry the cross and burthen of the Ideal, who have to push forward to light and blessing those who should help, but who either rest like a dead-weight upon their generation or actively oppose themselves to the progress of truth.

Do not consent, my friends,—O you that are young especially,—do not consent to be a part of that dead-weight or of that opposition to progress and to God! See that your life, if it is not service, is nothing. If to eat and sleep, to gather riches for your heirs to disperse, to delight eye or ear or any sense with pleasant things,—if this is all your life amounts to, it is nothing. Truth only gives it real vitality; and to have helped on truth, to have made the world a little better, to have smoothed their path for those who shall follow us, is the only thing which, when we die, shall have given us a reason for being here or make us very welcome comers into heaven.—*Samuel J. May*.

We make the following suggestions to members of the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

In sending a bound book through the mail, wrap it up carefully in several thicknesses of paper. Protect the corners, if possible. One thin piece of paper is not enough.

Keep your correspondents supplied with P.O. cards. By this we mean, not only send one card or envelope when you send a book or letter, but send a few extra cards, so that they may be able to write a request for a book which they see in *The Cheerful Letter*. Many of our shut-ins are too remote from a post-office to have the opportunity often to buy cards or stamps; and many lack even the very few cents that they need to provide the means of writing. A P.O. card at hand is a real convenience.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EDITOR OF "CHEERFUL LETTER,"—Miss L. Freeman Clarke, Magnolia, Mass.

SECRETARY OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Miss Bertha Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.

TREASURER OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Miss Louise Howe, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

SECRETARY OF BOOK CLUB OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Mrs. J. B. Millet, 150 Charles Street, Boston, Mass.

Subscriptions may be sent during the summer to Miss Louise Howe, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, or Nahant, Mass. The subscription is 50 cents a year.

N.B.—It is only those whose subscription ends with May whose renewed subscription is due June 1. Subscriptions beginning *since* June, 1892, do not expire until twelve numbers have been received.

Notice that requests for membership and for correspondents go to Miss Langmaid, our secretary; requests for books and offers of books, to Mrs. Millet; and to Miss Clarke only material for insertion in the paper (not Book Club matter). All such material should be written on *one side only* of the paper, and sent by the first of the month *before* that in which it is printed.

Miss Clarke's address during the months of July, August, and September is Magnolia, Mass., though letters addressed to her at Jamaica Plain will reach her in a few days.

Will all subscribers or receivers of *The Cheerful Letter*, whose copy does not come regularly, or comes not correctly addressed, be kind enough to notify Miss Bertha Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.?

Send also all notices of *changes of address* to Miss Langmaid. Please do not send these notices to the editor, as it causes delay in the correction.

Those not able to subscribe for the paper, but desiring to receive it, may do so by writing to Miss Ellen R. Dewson, Quincy, Mass. Please give full name and address. Many of our members take the paper, in order to send it to those who are not able to subscribe for it.

Will any minister who receives this paper assist us by sending to our secretary names of invalids, and of young people living in lonely places without libraries, schools, or means of education, and especially the addresses of the mothers of young families living on ranches or prairies?

One object of the *Cheerful Letter Exchange* is to send good books and magazines to those who are not able to obtain them, especially to young people,—not only stories and novels, but books that are instructive as well as interesting, and will create a taste for good reading, and gradually may interest the reader in studying history or the natural sciences, and so be an education. Also such books as are helpful to mothers, Jacob Abbott's wise and helpful books of advice about training children, and such a magazine as the *Mother's Nursery Guide*. We need the name of the minister who sends us such addresses as a voucher for the person being really in need of our help and interest. By procuring a list of names during the summer we shall be able in the autumn to distribute them among our members, and especially the clubs and circles of young people who are interested in *Cheerful Letter Exchange* work, guilds, Lend a Hand Clubs, King's Daughters' Circles, etc. There is a cordial interest felt in this object by many of our young people living in cities, and an earnest desire to share their books and magazines with those who have but few.

Miss Ellen R. Dewson, Quincy, Mass., asks for names of subscribers to *The Cheerful Letter* who are willing to send off their copy of this paper to shut-ins or those not able to subscribe for it.

A Correction.—There was a misprint in the poem on the first page of our August number. The fourth line of the first verse should run,—

"Make glad *matins* this summer day."

There are still some subscribers of last year who have not paid the subscription for this year. We are in doubt whether they desire to have the paper continued. It would be a favor if those who desire to receive the paper will send the subscription for this year to our Treasurer (not to the Editor). N.B.—This note is addressed *only to subscribers*.